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# *A Trip to Mt. Hood*



By **AUGUST HILDEBRAND**  
*Park Commissioner and Member of the*  
**ANGORA CLUB**

*Astoria*

:

:

*Oregon*







## Historian of Angora Club Tells of Venturesome Trip Climbing Top of Mount Hood



The following is my report as historian of the trip the Angora club made to the top of Mount Hood on Monday, July 3, 1922.

This trip was made in conjunction and in company with a party headed by E. H. Dowling, of Portland, Oregon, which party was our host, so to speak. Mr. E. H. Dowling, its chief guide, taking the lead of the combined parties. On the way to the mountain and on top we met the Mazama club of Portland, the Hood River club of the city of Hood River, Oregon, and the Trails club of Portland, Oregon. These organizations with our Angora club of Astoria, making four, are hiking and mountain climbing clubs of Oregon. They do much to open up so to speak, to the eyes of the world, the wonders of our beautiful mountain, river and ocean scenery of our Oregon country. I say Oregon country, which embraces the whole of the Pacific Northwest. We are living in the paradise of our earth, but it is to be regretted that more people do not know this.

This report while made as a history of the memorable Mt. Hood trip, is dedicated to the Angora, Mazamas, Trails and Hood River Hiking clubs of Oregon—also to all persons we met on our journey.

Respectfully,

AUGUST HILDEBRAND,

Park Commissioner and member of  
the ANGORA CLUB, Astoria, Oregon,  
July, 1922.



Going up to the top of Mount Hood is a job and then some. The Angora club, 13 strong, were on hand in proper time and boarded the evening train to Portland. Everyone seemed to have obeyed the instructions as to equipment and clothing. Our packs were all ready and the chief guide, Mr. John Berry, asked about all details so as to make the event a success.

Did you have dark eye glasses, face paint, gloves, hat with wide brim, blankets, warm under clothing, bandanas, good stout shoes, spikes for the same, a towel for wiping off the face paint, light cooking utensils, canteen, a water cup, an extra pair of wool stockings, a wool shirt or sweater; and raisins, dry rice, prunes, chocolate, tea, canned pineapple or tomatoes, roasted mutton or other lean meat, health bread or sea biscuits, all to be enough for 5 meals?

The Alpine sticks were to be supplied later. The chief guide had provided ropes, an ice pick and a large community cooking kettle.

A large party of Angoras were at the depot to bid us farewell and wish us success on our journey. Soon we were all on the train and the conductor called "All aboard."

It seemed that nothing was forgotten. On the way to Portland on the other side of St. Helens some one espied some bright lights ahead, whereupon everyone shouldered their packs and marched to the front of the car, thinking that Portland depot was just ahead. Well, we marched back again to our seat and kept this up until we found out that we would soon arrive at Linton. Linton is about 10 miles from Portland. The whole bunch seemed like little frisky colts that could not wait for the word to go. Meanwhile I could see a wink in the eyes of the chief guide who confided to me afterwards saying, "you see I want to get all of them in trim for the mountain, this gives them practice and they are getting used to their pack." I truly wondered at his great wisdom and found out later that he was correct. It counted as a sort of a training.

Arriving at Portland we were met and greeted cordially by some members of the Trails and Mazama clubs, who kindly took our belongings to the hotel in an auto, relieving us of our burdens, much to our delight.

After taking in the sights of the metropolis, an ice cream treat, by our chief, we retired in one of the hotels.

Bright and early next morning, after breakfast at a restaurant, we

trundled with our packs through Portland to the stage depot. No doubt we made an imposing sight, looking like a small army on the march with full equipment. At the depot we met the members of the Trails and some of the Mazama club and also our captain-guide, E. H. Dowling, and his estimable wife.

It took three large stages for our party. The ride through Ladd's addition, the Powell valley road, up the Sandy was a pleasure, past Rhododendrum Inn to government camp, 4,000 feet high. Here we had a chicken dinner, after which we changed our clothes and equipment.

By now we were a pretty rough looking lot. We looked like loggers and rough woodsmen—the ladies included, they all had donned trousers, leggings or high top boots. Skirts are not in fashion on a mountain trip.

We left our excess baggage at the hotel and started about 3 p. m. Sunday for the base camp.

This was at a distance of four and one half miles and led through burnt timber, small green, second growth and finally through medium sized fir and other trees. The trees had a gnarled, scrubby, bent-down appearance; some bent over, some erect, but with the branches pointing down.

The flowers—you should see them! Flowers, Flowers everywhere; large white cone shaped flowers, small yellow ones, small red ones, blue lupines, large red and pink rhododendrums, etc., growing right next to the snow; some were growing through the snow — also there were various grasses and mosses.

The last one and one half miles were traveled partly through snow drifts, partly over hummocks of rocks and earth. The trees, plants and rocks seemed to radiate the heat around them, as the snow was melted and the ground was bare in a limited circle. Around this circle the snow is quite deep again.

In the main this ascent was not any harder than going up to Cocks Comb hill park excepting its length, etc. The elevation at this place was 6,000 feet. There was a government cabin of about 20 x 30 feet in size, two stories high, each story having a separate entry. This was on account of the snow. The height of which at winter time may be imagined when we noticed that the four edges of the roof had twisted and were bent down from the weight.

The interior of the barn was fitted with wooden bunks and old dirty mattresses and was not any too inviting. I do not know if anyone slept in the same that night and presume it is only

used in very bad weather when one is minus an outfit for camping or in distress. Our Astoria party slept gypsy style, in the open. Some had blankets, some blankets and canvas and some regular sleeping bags. I believe the latter are the best. With shoes off and an extra pair of socks on the feet, some kind of a night cap or head covering, we slept using our shoes and knapsack for a pillow. We slept on a dry hummock of earth with snow all around us and water flowing from the melting snow right below us. The air was cool yet dry, balmy, soothing and refreshing. The wind was continually blowing, but not to our discomfort, in fact, it was a relief from the heat we experienced in the valley. The only thing that bothered us some were the mosquitoes, and they were not at their worst.

By this time, the camp shoe maker, that is, I simply call him that, he was one of our party, had screwed regular loggers' calks or ice spikes in our shoes.

We were ordered to eat only lightly and be ready at one o'clock in the morning. The fires were kept burning, one for our party and one for the Portland party.

About 12:30 the fires were rekindled, chocolate brewed, the rice kettle with a few raisins in had simmered all night, we were told to eat only some rice and drink hot chocolate. This we did.

Presently the order was given to get ready. It was dark as yet and we used carbide and electric search lights to get our light lunch together, filled our canteen bottles, in fact, these we had filled the evening previous, as we were told that the water would not flow in the morning on account of the cold nights. Whistles were blown, roll was called. Mr. Dowling, the head guide, gave us explicit instructions to keep in line and not go faster than the pace he set, etc. We left all our pack in camp and, as stated before, carried only a light lunch, eye glasses, face paint, gloves and our alpine sticks and trundled along over the snow fields in single file, slowly and steadily. The search lights lighting the way. It was about 1:30 A. M. Now and then we rested a bit. After we had gone but a short way, word was passed along that a lady was ill. I thought they mentioned she was one of the Astoria party. Being about third or fourth from the front I fell back to see what was the matter. In fact, I was glad to fall out of the ranks as the resting pauses were of too long a duration for me, cooling off too much. I was glad to get a little extra exercise to warm up on. When I came to the rear all the Angora bunch had passed and I found that it was a Portland lady who was in distress.



It would not have looked well for me to have gone again without offering some assistance so I made the best of it, to do my part, to help her along. I saw she was very ill. I was in hopes to find some sheltering rock in the lee of which we could place her until our return. The wind blowing icily over a vast expanse of snow, all the time and it was yet dark. No such suitable shelter was found. Presently two Swiss young men volunteered and another Portland young man and our chief guide, John Berry, all helped to make life and the journey more pleasant and light for the young lady, which they succeeded in doing. The sickness is called mountain sickness and acts the same as sea sickness with all its nastiness in throwing up the food, weakness of legs and body, etc. To my notion it was nothing but a matter of carelessness of someone in not looking out that this young lady got her proper ration of food before starting. She told me that she only had a mouthful of rice and drank cold snow water with it, she did not get any of the warm chocolate—and then remember, one o'clock in the morning with snow all around you and a sharp cold wind blowing. I contend that all of us would have gotten ill under the same treatment. After a while I saw that it was useless for me to help further as I was noticing that I used my strength, that was so necessary, if I should make the top; and this I desired very much. However, seeing the young lady in good hands I pushed ahead the best I could. By this time we were somewhat separated from the main party, as we made our stops shorter. Seeing several persons ahead of us, in the dawn, I thought they were from our party and kept on climbing through the snow the best I could.

The stars shone brightly, the white cold snow under our feet gave the whole a midnight on Christmas with its lighted candles winter scene effect. Later on when the sun came over the horizon, on the other side of the mountain, the shadow and outlines of the mountain was reflected against the southwest side of the mountain range. This shadow grew smaller and fainter as the sun rose. At first the shadow of the mountain seemingly covered the whole southwestern part of Oregon.

By this time the high altitude was commencing to tell; also morning and light was on hand. The sunrise was of no particular event, as we were on the south side and the sun was quite high before we could see it direct.

However, at about this time the sky behind us, that is, opposite from the sun, took on a sort of a gray, brown, red, blue tint. The blue not being sky blue but seemed a sort of an atmos-

pheric blue. The nearest I can call the whole combination of color would be a sort of a prune blue. This is when nice ripe, juicy, dark, fresh Oregon prunes have that blue sheen on them. When the fresh prune is and looks at its best and it is hard to resist the temptation to take a good bite in one. This coloration of the sky I had noticed several times in the fall of the year at sunset at Astoria and must be seen in particular to be appreciated.

Presently we were nearing what is called Crater Rock. All the while, from first, the mountain looked as though a good 20 minutes walk would put you on top, but the closer we got to the top the farther it was away.

The mountain top seemed to walk away from us, so to speak, mocking and teasing us. Presently I noticed to our left, a party coming from the other side of the mountain, heading in the same direction as we. It was a beautiful sight to see, in four columns, about 60 men marching or climbing. I say men as in the distance you can not tell men from women in their hiking clothes; besides it was not quite light, they came with a steady, strong gait much faster than our party. Carrying their Alpine sticks they looked like Alexander's phalanx with their spears, coming irresistably onward. They met our party and passed. Meanwhile I was ahead of them and arrived in the crater where the rocks were nice and warm, besides it is sheltered on three sides from the icy wind. It was a nice resting place excepting for the sulphur fumes which were quite nauseating. There was also a small lake of snow and water in his crater, filled with water of a deep bluish-green color which was overflowing in the ice fields below. I was quite exhausted and was contemplating whether I was to go further at any rate, I intended to wait for our main body. My heart was palpitating and my breathing was heavy. By this time the sun was up at quite an angle.

Presently the Mazamas came over the brink and squatted on the warm rocks, lunched and drank of the crater water. Up to this time I had not drank or ate and was afraid of the water. Being told it was O. K., I drank it and found it to taste of sulphur. The eating and drinking gave me strength.

Before starting we greased and painted our faces, put on our dark eye glasses and our gloves which were to protect our skin from the rays of the sun and sharp biting wind. I could not help thinking of the early Indians who greased their bodies and put on war paint. This all had a purpose with them as well

as us. We were all clowns appearing as though attending a masquerade ball. There was one exception, however, in Mrs. Kanary, who had unknowingly been decorated with red, white and black face paint, by some mischief doer to appear as a count by the addition of a pretty mustache and goatee. This made her the count of our mardigrass procession.

Suddenly some one said to me, "Hello, is this Hildebrand?" This was my friend, Ben Newell, among the Mazamas. Ben is a son of Fred Newell, formerly superintendent of the Astoria street railway system.

I had seen Ben on our Saddle mountain trip June 25th, and once before on the Olney road coming from the direction of Green mountain. He seemed to me now, when I met him on, or in the crags of Mount Hood, as a sort of an mountain eagle, flying from mountain top to mountain top.

He said, "You better come with us, we will try and put you on top," I was glad of the invitation, altho I was afraid I could not stand their pace and told him so. "You come right along, it will be alright." Presently some one said: "Squad four in the lead." This was the chief guide and I was amazed to hear Ben Newell ring out: "Squad four, get ready," he was the captain of squad four.

"You get right in front of the rear guide" I was told and, I presume, I was about number 13, 14 or 15. In this formation we were marched up against the final snow and ice wall that was between us and the very top. This was the wall of the crater. The south side, the one through which we came, had been blasted off, presumably during one of its upheavals. I looked up and surely I quavered. Taking heart, mechanically I followed the rest. The final ascent was made with the aid of ropes up a slope almost perpendicular.

Up to this time the ascent over the snow and ice was as the various angles of a roof, from a tolerably flat roof to a very steep roof; but now it became a matter of climbing a tall slim church steeple and then some. The chief guide in stenatorial tones announced, "Gentlemen, this rope was not placed here for you to climb up on, it is here simply for you to place in your hand to balance yourself. You can see that if all of us would pull on this rope it would break as it could not sustain our weight. The first man who is going to pull on this rope will be properly bawled out. Do you hear me?"

Sixty voices—"Yes!"

The rope was one-inch diameter cotton. The chief guide went to the front started to chop steps and by every one kicking his toes in the snow and



ice, fairly good steps were soon kicked in the mountain, and up we went, rope in hand. We had left our alpine sticks at the crater camp, it being too steep to use them. Occasionally we rested while the chief guide made steps. I did not dare to look up or down, neither did I speak as I needed all the wind I had. Presently I thought that the top should be within the next dozen steps or so, then I took heart to look up. I was very much disappointed, we had not traveled one quarter of the way. Well, after all, we managed to reach the top.

Someone broke ranks about half way up, and hanging on the wall took our picture with a kodak. You may wonder how he managed to hang on, it was snow and ice that held him, either alone and he could not have done it, the snow being too soft and the ice too slippery. Much exhausted we arrived on top to find that we must climb over a very narrow ledge of rocks and ice about 18 inches wide, to reach the cabin about 300 feet away. This ledge is on an over hanging rock wall from the other side, so you can see, the mountain is not as broad as it appears from below.

Meanwhile, in the ascent, boulders of rock passed us rolling from the top, also snow lavines. Fortunately none struck us. One snow slide passed right through our squad four. We, however, were fortunate; some being on one side, some on the other side of the slide. New steps were made in the path of the slide and all got over safely. After all were on top, I in particular was exhausted, and laid flat at the entrance of the look-out hut on some boards, having been warned before never to lay in the snow. This was on the sunny side and lee side of the hut.

A lady, who had arrived ahead of me, saw my plight and was kind enough to hand me a half cup of warm tea, which was very much appreciated.

The lookout cabin on top of the mountain was a two story affair—a cabin with a lookout tower on top. The cabin had an entrance from below. You could go right into the tower from a snow bank and then descend on a ladder to the room below. The snow was banked high against the cabin on the westerly side. On the southerly side where the lower entrance was, it had been shoveled away. All of it had a sort of a lighthouse appearance, excepting that the immaculate neatness of our coast lighthouses was missing. In fact, the inner as well as the outside appearance had a depressing effect. Inside the dark cabin a very neglected looking coal oil cooking stove was trying hard to radiate



enough heat to boil a five pound lard pail full of water. Presumably the height over sea level retarded the boiling somewhat.

The snappy administration of our coast lighthouse department was apparent by contract. The cabin was built on solid rock. Some sharp rocks and crumbling gravel earth were exposed in places to the rays of the glaring sun and radiated some of its heat. On these rocks the Mazamas had squatted.

The welcome on top was not as hearty as the one I had received from our Saddle mountain ranger. There were two men stationed on Mount Hood, anyway. I noticed two as though they were officials. Perhaps the frigid atmosphere had something to do with it, or perhaps I was expecting too much. At any rate, the vision of that little chunky lad, who is the keeper of our Saddle mountain cabin, came vividly to my mind and I dreamed of him on top of Mount Hood and heard him repeatedly say, as he had done a week previous: "Come in, make yourself comfortable; is there anything I can do for you?" But it was all a dream; memories of a week ago on top of our little mountain near Astoria.

Soon I heard a voice calling, "Have you registered?" Someone handed me a book. I wrote my name and said, "I am an Angora, shall I put that down?" He answered, "We do not care anything about any clubs, your city is desired, this is for the U. S. forestry department." About this time someone else asked me: "Have you registered?" I said, "yes." "This is the Mazamas' book," he answered, "you have to register twice. We put all down in clubs and squads, what squad do you belong to?" I told him I was an Angora from Astoria. "Sign right here, this page please is reserved for you."

To my surprise I was to head the list. "Am I the first of our bunch?" I guess you are." Well, of all the world I thought I was about fourth or fifth. Those parties I saw ahead of me at dawn on the way up had been strangers. When this was finished Coralie Snell and Nels Nelson came over the rim and one by one they came, Elna Niemi, Sophia Wilson, Geo. Wilson, Pearl Gimre, Mrs. Kanary, Ethel Amundson, Chas. Berry, Chas. Erickson and C. F. Bjorlie.

When I saw our guide, John Perry, and the two Swiss guides coming over the top I was surely glad, as I had had my doubts of their ever getting to the top, on account of the strenuous and kind work they performed assisting the Portland young lady. Upon inquiry, they had left her in the

crater, which was, after all, the only logical sheltered place that they could have left her. To have attempted to take her further up would have been the height of foolishness. Mrs. Dowling the, motherly wife of our captain guide, had stayed with her.

Someone pointed in an easterly direction. There we saw, away down in a distant valley, a cloud of something whirling in the air, but below us. This was an eastern Oregon sand-storm. The northern and eastern surroundings of the mountain are somewhat desolate; burnt tree trunks, bleached dead trees standing like sentinels of past life, like tomb stones of something departed, reminders of somebody's carelessness or wanton destructiveness. Here and there green trees and shrubbery, growing on loose gravelly, sandy soil. Ravines and gulches stretching away from the mountain. These ravines and gulches are partly filled with snow and ice and in places sand, gravel, bowlders of rocks, etc. They form the glaciers and are the fountain heads of some of our Oregon rivers. These rivers one could see glistening in the sunlight in places white as snow when they tumble over rocks, some places silvery when they are not as turbulent; forming, so to speak, "silver threads among the gold." The gravel, sand and dust is dry right next to the snow and water. All this is somewhat in contrast to the heavy, dark, deep green of our trees and shrubbery and heavy clay soil and more or less solid rocks of our coast mountains.

I commenced to get chills. They asked me to stay to have our photograph taken on top. I wished to, but good counsel prevailed. I had already been on top for some time, rested, got chilled, looked at the surrounding mountain peaks, saw the Three Sisters, Mt. Jefferson, Mt. St. Helens, Mt. Adams and Mt. Rainier and some lesser mountains and hills. To my disappointment I could not locate or see Saddle mountain. Fog was hanging over the mountains toward the ocean and haze was in the valleys below, but above the lower hills everything was clear. I did not expect it any better, in fact, the visability was much better than I thought possible.

Thousands of reddish brown butterflies played on the very top of the mountain, they seemed to come or blow over from the northwest side from the Hood River valley or eastern Oregon. I am not enough of a "bug-ologist" to know if they are a good or of a bad kind, but I do know that they were pretty and that I envied them. They seemed to come on top without any effort and they needed no ropes or guides to go down again.

Looking at the watch I found it was 11:20 A. M. While on top a party of four came over from the Hood River side of the mountain, seven started, three failing in their efforts.

It was now a matter of getting down as soon as possible for I was feeling the effects of the cold, high atmosphere and wind. I was chilled and was shaking all over—a good drink of hot Scotch was missing. I dreaded the down grade more than the up, but it was a matter of necessity. Someone started, who claimed to know the trail, etc. I fell in line. By that time the Mazamas were ready and along I went, after telling our guide, John Berry, that he would find me either at the crater camp or base camp and that I was with parties acquainted with the mountain.

The descent was made over a different route as the chief guide wanted to avoid the dangerous rock and snow slide district. We came to a crevice in the ice. These are formed by the weight of the ice and snow breaking away from the compact mass. These crevices are forming, closing and opening continually, sometimes at unexpected places, at unexpected times and are dangerous, in the extreme. We got safely past several. Some people had to be warned, as at times they are not noticeable from above until a party is right near one. The descent was made the same way, by making steps in the ice and snow and placing and kicking your heel instead of your toe in the mountain side. When looking down one does not think it can be done, but the ice and snow form a compact mass that holds your weight somehow, on even perpendicular walls.

One exciting incident happened. A Mazama, I believe they called him Zimmerman, had to go past the file in order to plant his ice axe in the snow to fasten a rope to, to be used by us as a guard rope. He slipped and started to slide and roll. We held our breath. We were electrified. Our hair stood on end. But he kept his presence of mind. He was a strong, athletic heavy, well-built young man. His weight and round build seemed to accelerate his speed. He drove his axe pick into the ice, first on one side of his body, the axe slipped, then on the other side. It only ripped the ice wide open. He was going, but in his third attempt he dug the sharp handle instead of the pick into the ice—it held. He was dangling on his pick, arms up, digging his heels into the sides of the mountain, he had saved himself. A mighty shout went up and everyone applauded by hand clapping. Well done! A yawning crevice was below him. He had slid and rolled over 100 feet.

Then he dug his axe into the ice to build an anchor and stationed himself to reinforce the anchorage by stamping the ice around and standing in front of it. A rope was fastened to the anchor thus formed. We filed past this crevice and repeated this performance before we got to the bottom of the upper crater wall. From here it was a matter of going down a very steep, snow covered roof except as to length to the warm crater camp.

Here at the crater camp, to my delight, I found the sick young lady and Mrs. Dowling taking care of her. Mrs. Dowling plainly told me, she would appreciate it, if I stayed until our party returned from the top. This I gladly did. The Mazamas left after a short rest, in the direction from which they had come. The young lady seemed to feel somewhat better. I opened a can of pineapple, the juice of which she sipped slowly, at the same time munching a tiny bit of our Swedish health bread. This seemed to strengthen her and she was able to go down from here alone unaided. She had been up far enough to say she had been on the mountain.

While sitting in the crater, waiting for the return of the bunch, I was delighted to witness the grand and awe inspiring phenomenon—the disintegration of a mountain. By this time it was about 2 P. M., the hot sun was in the south, shining directly against the north and northeast side of the crater wall. The north wall which was covered with snow is the one we had ascended and descended. The northeast wall was bare rock, almost over hanging. On top of this was a vast layer of snow and ice. The mid-day sun melted the same and formed three water falls of considerable magnitude down the rocks. These water falls were not there in the morning. They carried rocks, snow, mud, boulders, into the crater which was nearly filled. The expansion by heat, on account of the rays of the sun beating against the rock wall loosened the boulders which came crashing down the mountain side. The whole mountain seemed to move, grind and wiggle as if driven from below and from on top. It cracked, creaked, ground, groaned and thundered. The mountain seemed in convulsion. The stories of mountain witches and goblins came to my mind and surely with the unpleasant sulphur smell, the mountain at night is no place for a timid heart.

It is to be noted that at this place smoke, steam and sulphur fumes came through some crevices of the mountain, in fact, it appeared as if the crater was yet in action.

We soon broke camp, and some sliding on their haunches in the snow



some making long strides down the snow fields. Everyone was happy as they snowballed and frolicked on the way.

We all felt very happy and light, it seemed as though we could fly from our height to some lower mountain peaks and into the valley. You have seen young ducklings raising themselves on their feet and toes, flapping their wings. We felt and acted just like they. But like them our bodies were too heavy and our wing feathers had not as yet grown,—we had to stay on earth.

The descent was easy. In the base camp, where we arrived about six o'clock, we soon had the fires under way. Later we prepared one great bonfire. Everyone had wet feet and those who had enjoyed snow sliding were wetter than that. The sun was shining brightly and hot, and the dry mountain wind got in its work. Everyone was busy changing socks, shoes and other garments and by the time we were ready for the camp fire all had dried out sufficiently and thoroughly so as not to feel any discomforts.

The sunset that evening was very beautiful. The sun setting in the direction of what we thought to be Astoria, somewhat to the northwest. It was a fiery red ball, intermingled with clouds and fog, shining through the green fir trees. The effect was splendid and beautiful, it was enjoyed.

We had a regular camp meeting that night, sitting and squatting around the fire Indian fashion with blankets over our shoulders, chasing mosquitoes. The songs we sang! Everyone was glad we had conquered. We had a surprise that night. Now we have some good singers in the Angora bunch, Miss Snell and Mrs. Kanary, but when our sick young lady or rather, had-been-sick young lady, started to warble—why, Oh, boys! We were all repaid for our trouble. She sang so beautifully. She was well again to our delight and our chief guide, John Berry said, "If I knew you could sing so good. I surely would have taken you to the top."

That night, how we could sleep—all of us. The fresh wind was howling through the trees and we imagined we could hear coyotes, but they say there are none in the neighborhood. Bright and early the camp fire was relaid.

The morning toilet is a matter which seems to give to the novice, a case of cold creeps. You wash right in the cold snow water; water coming right out of an ice bank. It is cold all right and yet after one has

his fingers once used to it, it seems a rather delightful sensation. One does not miss the hot water faucet in fact, you pity the poor mortal who is addicted to its use. We had not washed the previous morning on account of the time, hurry, etc., any way, I had not.

The prunes had simmered all night. We had a community breakfast of many courses. The first of which was prune juice. How well that juice tasted and all the other courses from chocolate, kindly made by Mr. and Mrs. Dowling, to rice, bacon, eggs, raisins, bread, cookies, pineapples, roast mutton, etc. We could eat—this was a hungry bunch.

We did not see many birds on the way or in camp. We noticed some small birds, also, in camp; some gray birds, smaller than pigeons. We were told that they are called camp robbers—an ugly name for a lovely friendly bird. They came right close to camp and waited for the offal and refuse. I do believe they should be called by another name. The obeying of impulses of nature, the gathering of food, is not an act of robbery. This reminds me of the calling of a beautiful, large, lily white, flower, growing on bushes on the mountain sides of our Oregon country dogwood. These names, camp robbers and dogwood are vulgar, and do no justice to the fair creature and fair flower.

Everyone soon got acquainted with the other party. The chief guide, whenever another party was met, lined each party opposite the other then he would say, "You will please call out your name, loud please," starting with the first one in line. After both lines had called their names, he would say: "Now ladies and gentlemen, my name is Dowling, you are all acquainted, no further introduction is necessary."

The four Hood River people were with us again at the base camp. They were royal good fellows and helped to make camp life a pleasure. Afterwards they took a series of pictures of our party. These we will try to get later on.

After some snow balling, we broke camp and trundled with our packs down the mountain to the hotel where we again changed clothes, had a chicken dinner and left about 2 o'clock in stages down the steep valley grades, via Sandy to Portland.

While at the hotel we bought some post card pictures of Mt. Hood and with delight we exclaimed: "Now we know where Santa Claus lives." The outlines of the mountain gave the face of old Santa in detail with his

whiskers, etc. Someone said, "The mountain looks that way only in the winter." "Right you are," we answered. "You know Santa only comes down to earth around Christmas. He is farther up at other times."

Mrs. Dowling, who had stayed back at the base camp, arrived in time for dinner and exhibited some of her water color sketches she had made of the camp surroundings after we left. They were beautiful.

The valley was hot and sultry. Ice cream cones bought at Sandy tasted twice as good as those bought at Seaside, although they came from the same factory.

The stages took us direct to the depot. At the depot, some members of the Trails club, also some members of the Mazamas and the two Swiss guides saw us off. There our Angora club was presented with a beautiful picture of Mount Hood by members of the Mazama club in appreciation of the welcome they received from us on our Saddle mountain trip on June 25th. The picture is very much appreciated and shows the good fellowship that exists between the clubs.

On the way up, no doubt, all of us secretly murmured, "what fools we mortals are, in the warm sands at Seaside near the cool ocean, it would not have been so strenuous." Yet, fate would have it. The first news we heard from the outside, was in the headlines of the newspapers: "Three Drowned at Seaside." After we were down the mountain, would we go up again? Yes, tomorrow! We had been up 11,250 feet.

We boarded the twenty past six train. On the way down the river the hilarity of the party rose the nearer we got home. The conductor the brakeman and train pea nut vendor must have surely thought that we were a great bunch. They all were polite, yes, so polite that they were afraid of us, especially of the ladies. No doubt we all suffered with "mountain fever."

In conclusion I wish to say that our chief guide, John Berry, deserves great credit in managing this affair so well. He also deserves well earned credit for the part he took in caring for the young lady, in fact, so far as labor was concerned, he climbed the mountain twice and this must also be said of our captain guide, Mr. E. H. Dowling, of Portland.







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*Ever upward your path should lead  
you.*

*Ever upward your aim should be.*

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